

WOMAN'S WORLD.

CARVING DONE BY WOMEN FOR WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.

The Bathing Costume—Influence of a Woman's Club—Hints for the Summer Girl—A Woman's Immense Project. Patti and Her Voice—Timely Notes.

A casual caller on the World's fair lady managers would wonder considerably at the appearance of their offices. The curious thing about them is the abundance of what seems at first glance to be piles of boards scattered about the rooms. Entering the office of Mrs. Susan Gale Cooke, the secretary of the managers, the eye falls instantly upon a big office table in the middle of the room almost covered with stacks of these boards. Against the wall, just inside the door, is another pile of the mysterious lumber. On the top of the secretary's desk is another group. All these boards are carved panels contributed by women all over the country for the interior decoration of the Woman's building. Every one of these carvings was donated outright to the board, and the scope of this generosity included Alaska as well as Alabama, Oregon as well as Ohio.

Among the very first in point of beauty is the Alabama panel sent by Miss Mary H. Norton, of Montgomery. The design is the magnolia blossom and leaves, conventionalized, and yet executed with a boldness, a freedom of the lines, that makes it instantly attractive. To one who has seen the magnificent southern tree bloom the design brings a memory of the very flower itself. The leaves are not finished to the last degree in the carving; all the cutting bears traces of a strong, free hand. It is a marvelously fine piece of work when one considers that the girl who executed it had never had any lessons in the art save a few given by a visiting relative. A pleasant sequel is told of the reception of the panel. Its evident strength attracted Mrs. Cooke's attention, and through her it was learned that Miss Norton has a sister who is an artist and designer. The correspondence culminated in negotiations that will result in the finishing of a room in the Woman's building by Alabama women. The designs will be furnished by Miss Norton's sister, even to the wall paper, frieze and dado of the room.

A pleasant story is told of the California panel, carved by Miss Randall, of San Francisco. As with the Alabama piece, Mrs. Cooke acknowledged the receipt of Miss Randall's carving and advised one of the California lady managers to see Miss Randall and get her to undertake some work for the California room in the Woman's building. This was done, and the San Francisco girl has a commission to do the carving for a piano and mantel which are to adorn the room.

Still another story comes with the Arkansas contribution. It is a fine design, conventional oak with exquisite traceries and tendrils, and was carved by Miss Mattie Tallant, of the Little Rock Deaf and Dumb school. The donor is a protégé of Mrs. Eagle, wife of the governor.—Chicago News.

The Bathing Costume.
People of refinement choose for their bathing costumes those which, while they are most comfortable and permit the greatest freedom of the body, are yet absolutely modest. We read and occasionally see very elaborate suits of white and pink and those that are trimmed until they seem better suited for a Roman chariot race than a sea bath. However, very dark blue or black coarse serge or flannel makes the most comfortable suit, and perfect modesty is achieved when this suit is in two pieces; that is, the trousers which reach just below the knees, and the bodice, which comes up well about the throat and has elbow sleeves, are in combination, making one, while over this is worn the short skirt which fastens to buttons about the waist, the mode of attachment being hidden under a canvas belt.

Long, black wool stockings are in order, and if you are going to bathe much and wish to keep them from wearing off it will be wise to get them a size larger, and to insert in their feet the soles sold in the stores for knitted slippers. It is best to wear a rubber cap, and so protect one's hair from salt water; because this is certain in time to injure it, though one often sees articles recommending the salt bath for the hair.—Mrs. Mallon in Ladies' Home Journal.

Influence of One Woman's Club.
The Chautauqua County Political Equality club was organized four years ago, with eleven local auxiliary clubs; it now has twenty-four auxiliaries with a membership of 1,400, consisting of both men and women, with Mrs. E. M. Babcock, wife of Superintendent J. W. Babcock, of the Dunkirk public schools, as president. The aim of this club is to secure to women an equal recognition with men in every department of life, principally political life, believing that the best government can be attained only when both men and women exert an equal influence in making and executing its laws.

The women composing the club have made a thorough study of our national government and are well acquainted with its present and past. They have penetrated into the greenroom, and believe that when women sit and passive views what goes on upon the stage, knowing that it is but the tawdry gliding of much that is false and destructive to mankind, she is derelict in her highest duty. Through its legislators, last winter this club got the bill passed which allows women to vote for school commissioners. Women now vote on all school matters throughout the state.—Buffalo Times.

Hints for the Summer Girl.
There was never a time when women appeared more attractive, were gowned better or were more accomplished than the present, yet there is a freedom and unconventionality in the manners of the girl of today, perhaps the outgrowth of

one greater scope of the mind accustomed to higher education, that is not as charming in the eyes of outsiders as the more quiet demeanor of those who have not quite such advanced ideas.

It is no unusual sight to see a girl move back and forth frantically in a rocking chair in full view of the public in a hotel corridor, and with every motion throw her feet out in unison. Now, the feet may be the prettiest in the world, but it is quite unnecessary to put them so very much in evidence. They will not escape notice if they are worth being seen, and unless the young woman is practicing for a season of high kicking, in which case her room would be the more approved place for rehearsal, it would look much better, according to old fog notions, to not be quite so ready to show her pedal extremities.

Girls also cross their limbs, which, though possibly comfortable, is not exactly the attitude of a lady. Many a one in the exuberance of her spirits will run down a hotel piazza or the board walk utterly regardless of the show she is making of herself. Loud laughter and an abundance of slang are points to be corrected, for no matter how the men seem to enjoy such a behavior, you may be certain they will select for wives girls who show none of these noticeable tendencies.—Philadelphia Times.

A Woman's Immense Project.
It is a Camden woman, now in Chicago—Mrs. N. E. Beasley by name—who claims to have a "perfect plan" for transporting grain by means of an iron pipe line. We are told that the project "is still in its incipency," but Mrs. Beasley is confident of final success. Mrs. B. does not betray all her plans to the public, but womanlike, not being able to wholly keep the secret, she favors us with a hint of her railroad killing project.

She tells us that the grain is to be carried "in a continuous ventilated shaft, without friction; a stream of grain to move twelve miles an hour." The stations which are to supply the motive power are to be twenty-five miles apart, and the cost of constructing and equipping a line from Buffalo to the seaboard is placed at \$20,000,000. A working model is to be erected in Chicago this fall.

This is no World's fair scheme, but a legitimate commercial enterprise. At least Mrs. Beasley so informs us.—New York Advertiser.

Mme. Patti and Her Voice.
The not unexpected announcement is made that Mme. Patti has contracted for another "farewell tour" in the United States. The price named is \$5,000 for each of forty concerts, and the stipulation is added that Patti shall engage, in a letter written by herself, to make this her "positively last farewell." Patti will be fifty years old before she sets out on this tour, which is to begin in November, 1893, and this fact may go to justify the belief that its farewell character at last is genuine.

One of the most remarkable things about this wonderful voice of Patti's is its endurance against the wear and encroachment of years. Age has touched it, as all who heard her in Mechanic hall the last season know to their regret, but even as the relic which it will be when she returns two years later it will be worth hearing as the most marvelous human instrument of sound created in this century.—Boston Commonwealth.

Where Women Are Good Swimmers.
The fair bathers at Atlantic City outnumber the swimmers of the sterner sex by at least ten to one. Time was when very few girls had the courage to venture in the ocean above the belt, and as for diving and wetting the head the idea was never even entertained. The society girl would make her toilet as carefully on going into the surf as she would in going to a ball. The hair would be curled daintily and the fit of the bathing suit above the waist was as exquisitely particular as could be found in a ballroom dress. It is the fad nowadays to swim, and to swim well. The greater the proficiency the nearer the lovely disciple of Neptune stands to the top of the ladder of fashion. The number of proficient swimmers in Atlantic City this summer who are society women is larger than ever before. They go to the ocean now to swim and not to pose.—Atlantic City Letter.

An Exhibition of Feminine Arts.
The Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysees, an international exhibition of feminine arts, was opened on Monday at Paris. M. Marius Vachon, the director general of the exhibition, said on Monday afternoon: "The exhibition of jewelry exceeds in value that made on the Champ de Mars in 1889. It contains many curious objects which once belonged to celebrated women of the past. The museums of Prague, Vienna, London, Pesth, etc., have sent many contributions. The barbers of Paris are represented by eighty wax busts, fully illustrating the history of hairdressing. One of the most interesting features is the international history of feminine costume. Rosa Bonheur is the honorary president of the art section of the exhibition, and the mother of President Carnot fills a similar position in the educational section."—Paris Letter.

An Energetic Woman Editor.
Miss Ellen A. Ford, of this city, an editor of the Freeman's Journal and one of the eight ladies appointed as national delegates at large to the World's fair, has been a most active worker ever since the inception of the project, and one of Mrs. Potter Palmer's ablest lieutenants. She it was who first proposed that Mrs. Palmer should be allowed to drive the last nail in the Woman's building, a proposal which was eagerly seized upon and will be brought to glittering realization next October with a golden nail and a hammer of silver! Miss Ford is also the author of a generally accepted scheme of World's fair scholarships, whereby many a self-supporting woman, who

might otherwise be unable to go there, may be enabled to see the show and learn the many lessons to be taught by the great fair.—New York Advertiser.

The Brute.
A Belfast (Me.) woman got indignant the other day at the shabby appearance of the lawn about her house. After mowing down her husband with wrath, she was soon on the lawn herself with the lawn mower. Back and forth she pushed the machine, while the sun beamed soft and melting on the down-trodden woman and everything else. From a shady nook her husband timidly watched her determined display. For an hour, in which she must have traveled a dozen miles, she worked, but, sad to relate, not a blade of grass bowed to her indignant endeavors.

Finally her husband picked up courage enough to address her, "Hain't you better turn the machine over, my dear?" She did turn the machine over—into the gutter—and swept into the house with a look that kept her husband at a distance for several days.—Lewiston Journal.

Rings at Recent Weddings.
The old fashioned notion of a ring in the bride's cake is being revived at fashionable weddings. At a recent wedding there was besides a ring a dainty gold thimble as well, which was a pretty enough wedding favor, but ominously significant. The young woman who got it thought that she was destined to sit by the fireside and sew for the rest of her life. At another wedding a ring was slipped around the stem of a flower in the bride's bouquet and tied to it with a bit of ribbon. When the bride tossed her flowers back among her waiting bridesmaids there was a sharp scramble to see who should get the ring blossom.—Philadelphia Press.

The Wife of Frederick Douglass.
A gentleman who is staying at the West and has known Frederick Douglass for many years was speaking of him last evening. "His wife, you know, is a white woman, very highly cultivated and refined, a Quakeress by birth and one of the gentlest, most retiring of women. "Mr. Douglass always addresses her as 'Consin Ellen.' I fancy she was called that when he became acquainted with her years and years ago. She is his secretary and attends to all his correspondence. They have been twice around the world and to Europe numberless times."—Philadelphia Times.

Suffrage for Women.
We suppose lawyers will be divided on the question of conferring the parliamentary suffrage upon women. It is difficult, however, to see how the legislature can logically leave women where they are. For purposes of civil rights and liabilities, all single women are upon the same footing as men; so are all married women having a separate estate, by the express enactment of parliament. Nothing but sentiment can be opposed to the natural conclusion that all women having the qualification should be entitled to vote for members of parliament.—London Law Times.

Only Fifty Trunks.
One of the bells of the season at Saratoga rejoices in so many gowns that when she arrived there were fifty-six pieces of luggage to be brought up from the station. Nearly all of the pieces were trunks, and in each trunk there were at least three gowns, and in many of them there were three times three—all of which makes the problem of guessing the total number of gowns possessed by that woman as perplexing as the old conundrum about the number of people who were going to St. Ives.—Saratoga Letter.

To Whiten the Face.
Do you know anybody who is freckled, or are you a bit freckled yourself by the sun or wind? Try this simple recipe, which is said to remove the worst case: Sal ammoniac, two drams; German cologne, one dram, and distilled water, one pint. Apply two or three times a day.

Blazer Suits Are the Rage.
The blazer suits are in plain and striped cottons, with white shirts, and are the most useful of all summer gowns for outdoor wear in the morning and for outing purposes. They can be made without lining and laundered as often as the old fashioned print. Blazer suits of Bedford cord are among the prettiest. One has the back of the blazer made in a wide box plait starting from the neck and held in at the waist by a buttoned strap.—New York Letter.

The Countess of Meath has just instituted a new home for epileptic women and children. Such a home will commend itself to all, and is the first of the kind ever opened in England. It is to be in connection with that well known institution, the Girl's Friendly society.

Woman is the equal of man intellectually and every other way, and the only reason women prefer men dress-makers, men cooks and so on is because—well, that's why; just because.

If you want good dahlias during the fall months be sure to give your plants all the water they require. Unless you do this you will have few blossoms, and these will be inferior.

It is an old idea, which may be new to some housekeepers, that to boil cream the day before enhances the richness of the coffee into which it is poured.

Long may the skirt of the period hold its own; for lightness, gracefulness and comfort it is long since we have had such a sensible garment.

In warm weather lay the eggs in cold water, as they will froth better when broken.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Slander.
'Twas but a breath—
And yet a woman's fair name wiled,
And friends once warm grew cold and stilled,
And life was worse than death.

One venomous word.
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers hissed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one
That muttered low for very shame,
That thing the slandering dare not name,
And yet its work was done.

A hint so light,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Mylo Jones' Wife.
"Mylo Jones' wife" was all I heard, mightily near, last fall—
"Visitin' relatives down
Y'other side o' Morgantown
Mylo Jones' wife, she does
This and that, and "those" and "thas"
Can't 'bide babies in her sight—
Ner no children, day and night
Whoopin' round the premises—
Ner no nothin else, I guess!

Mylo Jones' wife, she "loves
She's the boss of her own house
Mylo—consequences is—
Stays where things seem some like his,
Use mostly, with the stock,
Coxin old Kate not to talk,
Ner kick hossies' branes out, ner
Act, I s'pose, so much like her.
Y'is the summer folks tells you
She's the perfection—Yes, they do.

Mylo's wife, she says she's found
Home hain't home with men folks round,
When they's work like hers to do—
Pickin' pears and buttern, too,
And a-render hard, and then
Coxin for a pack of men
To come trackin up the floor
She's scrubbed tel she'll scrub no more!
Yit she'd keep things clean if they
Made her scrub tel judgment day.

Mylo Jones' wife, she sews
Carpent' rags and patches clothes
Jest year in and out—and yit
Where's the livin use of it?
She asks Mylo that. And he
Gits back where he'd rather be.
With his team—jest plow—and don't
Never swear—like some folks won't
Think of he cut loose, I guss!
'D he's his heavenly changes some.

Mylo's wife don't see no use,
Ner no reason ner excuse
For his pore relations to
Hang round like they allus do!
There 'bout once a year—and she
She jest g'ints 'em, folks tell me,
On spiced pears. Pass Mylo one,
He says, "No, he don't chuse none!"
Workin men like Mylo they
'D ort to have meat 'ev'ry day!

Dad burn Mylo Jones' wife!
Ruther take a blame cacknife
'Crost my wizen than to see
Such a woman rulin me!
Ruther take and turn in and
Raise a fool mule colt by hand!
Mylo, though—'od rot the man!
Jest keeps calm—like some folks can—
And 'is such 'is 'is 'is 'is 'is
Is man's helpmate—merry know!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

To a mind resolved and wise
There is an impotence in misery
Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are
In me. —Young's Revenge.

Whatever is—is Best.
I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, somewhere punished,
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided,
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow meek and lowly to suffer—
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Be Careful Who You Say.
In speaking of another's faults,
Pray, don't forget your own:
Remember those in homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing nice to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company
We know the way to hide
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well—
To try my own defects to cure
Before of others tell.
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember, curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home."
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.
—London Freeman.

Over the Way.
There is crape on the bell knob over the way,
And my little children they will not play,
But stand looking out through the window
pane.

Through the growing dusk and the misty rain;
And their eyes are wet with the teardrops
spray,
For there's crape on the bell knob over the way.

They do not know yet if it means that pain
Is passed from the man who walked with a
cane,
Or the bright little girl has fallen asleep
With whom so oft they have played "Hoopoe,"
Or mother or father has gone to bed,
That crape on the bell knob over the way.

I am worried now that they feel it so,
And I bend my mouth to their pink ears low:
"Dears, it only means there is rest so sweet
For a tired heart and two tired feet."
Then I stop. They'll say ever there some day,
"There's crape on the bell knob over the way."
—Youth's Companion.

Poets.
A few may touch the magic string,
In the noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!
—Holmes.

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